Toy

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Toy

by ninayoshi

Summary

Will and Hannibal visit a dear old acquaintance, Frederick Chilton.

Notes

Since this is an AU there are still a little bit of canon stuff in it, just scrambled all over the place due to Will's presumed death. Plot is somewhat there but I know you nasties don't read it for the plot (right?)

See the end of the work for more notes

Play

Will and Hannibal had a feather-stuffed quilt wrapped tightly around themselves, watching with disinterest a report on some other serial killer. It was a cold winter night, and even vampires get a little cold and sniffly, seeking comfort in each other.

”Tooth Fairy?” Will snorted derisively, knowing that said serial killer would not take kindly to this pet nickname. In fact, it may spur him onto far more severe crimes, infuriated by indignity. Crimes that Hannibal could easily replicate and disguise as.

Hannibal’s hand crept up to scratch lightly at Will’s scalp, who purred in response, eyes half-lidded at the sparks of comforting pleasure.

”I think this shy boy prefers a grander name. I would call him the Slayer, but even that is too brusque.”

”A dragon then. Something mythical and terrifying.” Will suggested, leaning into Hannibal’s shoulder.

They stared as flashes of interviews after interviews droned on. Hannibal continued to idly pet at Will’s curls, toying with the soft fluffy tendrils. Will hummed in pleasure, eyes struggling to stay open. Pictures of teary eyed families and disappointed politicians, of terrified bystanders and furious judicial workers. Nothing that they could really care about, in this little bubble of heaven they had carved out of Hell.

It was an exhausting winter night to do absolutely nothing.

”I’m hungry.” Will muttered as the breaking news passed and faded into mindless commercials, nuzzling into Hannibal’s neck. He tilted his head just so Will could have access to desired flesh. Will had been just as rude and demanding, if not emboldened by the fact that Hannibal had chosen him and changed him. Will belonged to him entirely, as Hannibal is his. Codependent. Conjoined.

He let out a shaky sigh, thoughts giving way to fangs piercing skin, and the gentle unhurried suck of his lover’s mouth sent small waves of arousal below his abdomen.

”You could take from the blood bag.” Hannibal protested with a huff, before Will’s purr became a low warning growl. He did not like the mere suggestion of not tasting Hannibal. This boy would be the death of him.

Hannibal allowed Will to take his fill, listening to the keen noises his Child emitted. Will sipped until the wound closed, unnaturally fast, and his crystal blue eyes shine ever so brightly, so full of potential. His lovely Will. Hannibal leaned forward to taste himself on Will’s lips, and they shared a languid kiss.

”Mm. I should eat more white meat.”

”Yeah, cut down on the longpig.”

That earned a soft chuckle from Hannibal, as they continued their slow exploration of each other’s mouth.

A familiar voice from the TV interrupted their quiet moment.

Frederick Chilton.

He began harping on the patterns and motivation on the Tooth Fairy’s killings, citing “bad parenting and girlfriends” as a major influence. Will had not wanted so badly to throw a wine bottle at the TV until then, but Hannibal’s soothing touches across his cheek and back of his neck calmed the raised hackles.

”He is wrong.” Will huffed, anger rising like a petulant child. Hannibal found that endearing.

”We should do something about it.” An off-hand remark, almost casual.

Oh, they will definitely have to do something about Chilton’s wagging tongue.

”Yes, yes, any appointments will have to be made two months prior. Abel Gideon is a highly sought-after patient.” Frederick Chilton chattered loudly into his phone, his voice carried throughout the empty parking lot. His gloved hand fumbled about his pocket. Fuck the cold, it makes day-to-day life miserable, even as he tried to do something as simple as grabbing a car key.

”Shit-“ He cursed under his breath, phone trapped between his shoulder and cheek. He bent down, cursing again, now silently, as his knees creaked. “Ah, no, sorry, not you.” A pause, as the other voice rambled on just as he stands back to full height and sees two figures hovering behind him. Their reflections were unmistakable. Hannibal Lecter? And... And...

His face was pale, cold sweat gathering under his scarf.

Will Graham.

”W-W-W—“

He entire body shook, unable to keep his phone steady as it dropped, the resounding crack it made could not dull the excessive pounding of his chest. He dare not turn. Those two faces were smug. And there was something else. Something entirely sinister.

”P-Please, I don’t- Dr Lecter, I don’t know the meaning of this-“

”You don’t have to understand, Dr Chilton. You don’t have the patience nor the brain to anyways.” Hannibal spoke softly, as though he would not want to spook this man any further. It did the opposite effect on Frederick however, as his hands braces against the door of his car, using it as a support as he bent back down to retrieve his keys.

The two onlookers simply watched. Amused and almost delighted, like two lazy cats watching how a mouse is frantic and panicking.

Will tilted his head high, breathing in deep. The scent of fear, dizzingly sharp, has permeated the air and into his bones. Delicious.

”Are you scared of me, Frederick?” Will asked, curious. “Only guilty men are scared of the dead.” A smile with too many teeth and too little concern.

He cowered, a faint whimper escaping his lips as he fumbled once more to slot the key into his car door, so close now, he could escape and tell Jack what he saw, the insanity of it all. Yes, Will *is* insane, he was not dead, by some miracle, and another- another success story for him! A win-win-win situation-

A hot breath skirted at his cheek, as gentle hands crept along his own, pushing in the key and twisting it. He turned, the shaking returned once more, sweating so much his entire body felt clammy.

His eyes met Will’s blue ones. They were so blue, almost hypnotic to see, to fall into.

”See?”

The last thing Frederick recalls before his mind was dragged into the abyss was fangs and red, hot blood against freezing cold lips.

Will hung back to watch Hannibal chain up an unconscious, naked and barely alive Frederick in the concrete room, now aptly called ‘Torture Chamber’. Hannibal did not like that name, but they kept it anyways.

He scraped at the dried flakes of blood on his chin, a little annoyed that he made a mess. Unintended, but he could not help it, not when there was a fresh source of live blood in his mouth and he *had* to take it all.

“I disapprove Turning someone just so they could feel pain,” Hannibal’s tone was sharp, almost a dark anger that he had rarely shown. His own fingers tangled against Frederick’s hair, tugging his head up until his neck strained to keep his head attached to his body. Very angry indeed. “But I do know a Child’s sadistic curiosity could never be sated until they experience first hand, the source of their glee.”

”Sadism requires me to find pleasure torturing Chilton.” Will remarked, stepping closer to remove those tight fingers from Frederick.

“Don’t you?” His fingers seek out to entwine themselves with Will’s, who responded with equal fervour.

”No. I’m curious what happened to me. Chilton is a convenient experiment.” Half-truths.

”I can only hope you never learnt the pain and suffering of those six days.” Half-lies.

Will smirked, thumbing the back of Hannibal’s hand to reassure, to let his trust fall in the right place. To trust in him.

And trust he did, as Hannibal’s hand fell to his side, glancing back at the unfortunate soul that will bear the brunt of Will’s wrath for the next few days.

”Go ahead.” Hannibal stepped back to allow Will the space to sculpt his design.

He took the space that Hannibal had left for him, squatting down to take in Frederick’s current state. He is fairly attractive, lithe and slim due to his inability to consume red meat after Gideon’s unfortunate escape, now preferring the uninteresting taste of vegetables and fruits. Meat is so full of heme, the blood that ran through the cuts were the reason why Will and Hannibal still dine on meats.

“Shame that we couldn’t keep you,” Will muttered, tearing a gash at his own wrist with his fangs to allow blood to flow, and forcing it into Frederick’s mouth. “We might even have fun.”

Will supported Frederick’s lolling head with a firm grasp at the back of his neck, so that his thumb could massage his throat, making the muscles relax and swallow him whole.

Hannibal continued to watch, lips thinning, face inscrutinisable. He sat by the chair he had left in the room, observing coldly.

Will pulled his wrist away and retreated, shaking his hand as the wound closed quickly.

”So, we wait?”

”We wait.”

Will and Hannibal returned to their humble abode, once again snuggling against each other on the sofa, as though nothing had happened.

It was a boring winter night after all.

Break

Chapter Summary

Frederick Chilton does not get a break. Will breaks more than one man.

Chapter Notes

This is blatant torture porn for those who hate Chilton.
I don't hate him particularly, but like, he's a good side villain that annoys me. Still, poor Chilton, let him live!
Also I know the plot has a minor inconsistency (Will's death and prison timeline) but let's just pretend Everything Makes Sense ™

When Frederick woke it was not quiet. No, it was never quiet when a new fledging wakes from dying as a human and becoming. So much so that it hurts them, and Will immediately registered that familiar sound as Frederick's rebirth. The piercing wail that denoted the breaking of bones. The rattling and shaking of reinforced chains as he try to tear his limbs from it. There will only be torn skin and broken bones, for the sheer strength of a vampire is what held them fast.

They were preparing breakfast, something far rawer than they are used to, on Will's behest. Will dipped his finger in a still bloody sausage, licking at the digit with soft delight. Hannibal watched briefly, amused at the sight, at his beautiful Will, while trying to lightly fry an egg.

"Fresh." The younger vampire commented, wiping off droplets of blood from the plate and sucking on his finger with a moan.

"I will accept nothing less." Hannibal replied, and they continued in silence; Will watching keenly as muscles flex under exposed forearms while Hannibal cooks. The silence was filled with muffled hysteria from the poor psychiatrist locked away for the time being.

"What shall we do with him?" Will finally asked, as Hannibal laid out the dishes with flourish, the table impeccably decorated as always, even when it was just a simply breakfast. Nothing is ever simple with Doctor Lecter, and Will finally appreciates the complexity in simplicity, and vice versa.

"I don't suggest cruelty." Hannibal eyed him with a level stare, and Will returned it easily. Both faces impassive, but Will's lips twitched.

”What he had done to me in prison begets some sort of... Vengeance.” He forked the blood sausage into his mouth, savouring the raw flesh and blood warmed by the egg. “He is getting his just desserts.”

Hannibal mirrored the action, licking away the buttery grease against his lips. “This won’t be sweet for him as it is for you.” There is a certain bitterness in his voice still, disapproving of making Chilton a vampire. It was a rare gift to be blessed upon by those judged worthy by them, not as a means of punishment. As though something as previous and symbolic as immortality could be haphazardly abused like a whip to be lashed out.

Will holds this weapon well, wields it like as though he always had it in his hand, and decided despite his protest to flaunt and brandish it like its master.

Hannibal sighs. He had to give credit where credit is due, Will has been a cruel and cunning boy. The doctor merely unleashed what was within him, cracking the chrysalis open to reveal the beast within.

Will had been musing over his glass of blood, smiling to himself as the liquid swirls lazily in its container.

”I intend it to be that way. Cruelty begets cruelty. But so does mercy. He at least had the decency to put me in the farthest jail cell. Allowed me to enjoy your walk of shame.”

Cruel boy indeed. Will’s tongue is sharper than swords and fangs, and each lash was uncalled for, albeit well deserved for putting them both through months of misery. But they are both here now, both entwined in such a way that blood and breath are but meaningless mediums in which they thrive in.

Hannibal closed his eyes for just a fraction of a second longer, his meal half-eaten.

”And what mercy do you propose?”

Will grins, showing fangs.

The door slams open and the harsh contrast made Chilton curl up in pain, whimpering as though light itself carved a vicious knife into his flesh. It might as well have, for the two silhouettes dawdling at the door is akin to the flash of a carving knife sharpening against a whetstone, waiting for its chance to sink into the man.

He whimpers, finding words through raw throat, having its flesh shredded and repaired in the time he had spent screaming into the dark.

”P-P...”

”Try again.” Will spoke, patient, soothing. They did not step into the dark, and Chilton find it hard to hold his gaze up. Like Gods, his eyes deign not worthy to look up upon, only grovel at their feet. He could bear to look upon the shadows casted forwards, brushing against his body like a comforting blanket.

”Please,” He croaked. Chilton hears his own weakness in his voice, wavering and unsteady, and he choked, a sob threatening to overcome him. Which it did.

”P-Please-“

”Please what?” He sees Will’s shadow tilt it’s head.

”Let me go?” He dare not demand anything, lest the hunger and pain overtook him once more if they did not show mercy.

Mercy, he could beg.

”Show some mercy.” He whined, licking his lips nervously. His throat is on fire, the thirst scratching rough.

Will laughed, a flighty light sound, unfitting for the oppressive atmosphere they found themselves in. Or he had found it all amusing.

”In time.” A promise that does not reassure Chilton, not when it was uttered so darkly.

The shivering doctor scrabbled against the floor, head still hung low, as he grovelled towards them. Will takes a step back, until Chilton choked against his chains. He can now see Hannibal, who had simply chose to lurk behind, watching impassively.

”Oh god, please just let me go...”

Will squats down, now eye level with his prisoner. His head tilt the other way, scrutinising him like an lab rat.

He brings his wrist to his mouth, and Chilton watched, his senses and attention robbed from him, down to the focus point where he sees sharp teeth sinking into flesh.

He sees red, he is starving, oh so hungry. There is food! Just right there. He snaps his teeth, neck straining forward, growling in frustration as the wrist was barely brought forward. Blood wasted, dripping onto the floor, and tears sprung against the corners of his eyes. Such a waste, he could have drank it all down.

Will grinned, looking back at Hannibal, whose face barely moved an inch, still so clinically aloof. But Will sees the fire incensed behind dark eyes, he knows that Hannibal is aggravated.

This experiment was never about Chilton.

The man in question stirred from his brief bloodlust, now hanging slack against his bindings. “Please... It hurts so bad... I want to drink... Or eat, anything... I just need a taste.”

Will hummed as he watched the flesh in his wrist knit back to unblemished skin, before spreading a finger against the mess on the floor. Chilton watches as well, rapt and panting.

”Give it to me.”

Will lifted his fingers, moved an inch forward, and Chilton's reaction was instantaneous. His tongue lapped greedily at his maker's blood, sighing and moaning as fangs threatened to pierce. Saliva coated his fingers, and Chilton could not even register the *wrongness* of the situation.

Just as he wanted to bite, Will pulled away.

"Satisfied?" Hannibal's voice was sudden. A chill went down Chilton's spine. It sounded like a death knell.

"Not yet." Will's voice was soft, as though his thoughts drifted along with the remains of its volume. Hannibal hummed, although it sounded more like a warning growl.

Chilton shook his head.

"I don't understand- Why me?"

"Why you indeed," Will returned the question, sounding quite annoyed. "You went into someone else's head, moved the furnitures all around, stinking it up with your ego, and you wonder: why me? Why indeed. Your *rudeness* had outmatched your ego, and it's very impressive, how you did it."

Will stroked a finger against Chilton's cheek, and he flinched at the touch, wanting nothing to do with Will's false gentleness. Death would be a far greater mercy. He sobbed, shaking until the chains rattle with his fear.

Will wrinkled his nose. Fear has a bitter smell, and Chilton's meat will taste bitter. He rather not eat him, unless Hannibal wanted to.

"Oh god, please, just- just do it already. End me."

Another hum, and Chilton couldn't quite hear who had made that noise.

"Alright."

The movement was swift, so sudden, that Chilton could not figure out what had happened to him until his world turns upside down, his vision rolls, everything feels *wrong*, his body feels *wrong*-

Will stands over the decapitated body of Chilton, the blood has sprayed all over him. He clicked his tongue in annoyance, removing his blood-stained coat. He turns, and finds himself slammed against the opposite wall in a flash, with Hannibal baring fangs at him.

This was the first time he truly sees the beast rearing it's head up. Will delights in it, for he knows only he is privy to his anger and survive.

Well, if he could survive this one, that is.

"This was never about Chilton. You wanted me to watch. Incited me."

”You allowed me to.” Will commented coolly, finding it hard to remove himself from Hannibal’s rage, mirroring it all too easily.

Hannibal was silent, his nostrils flaring and lips covering those dangerous teeth. He sees the older vampire’s jaws clench, whether still in fury or a placated gesture, Will does not know. Perhaps a surrender, knowing how much he could influence him.

There are other means of influence. This one proved to be the most effective one yet. One of jealousy. Of misplaced trust.

Of possessive, obsessive love.

Will licked at his lips, tasting the vile taste of bitter blood against his skin. Hannibal’s eyes followed, and he feels the fists that were holding him up against the wall lax.

”Don’t think for one minute you are forgiven.” Hannibal muttered, thumbing against Will’s lips, finding them part so easily, so willingly.

”Am I being punished for doing what I was allowed to do?” Will prodded without heat, the thumb tempting his tongue to take, to taste.

”No,” Hannibal leans in, their lips almost touching. Will held his breath.

”You have been unspeakably rude.”

They kissed, and it was a messy, violent one. Fangs tear into soft flesh, tongues swiping eagerly for the taste for the other’s blood, and both of them gasping, moaning, snarling, into each other’s mouth.

Will laughed as they part, as Hannibal spun him around till his face and stomach meets the concrete wall. Laughed still, when his pants were torn apart like paper, Hannibal’s tongue immediately rubbing against his rim.

”T-This is punishment?” Will would welcome it anytime, but he knows Hannibal has something else planned.

Hannibal stands, growling rough into his ear. Will whines softly at the loss of that sly tongue, but groaned at the pressure and weight of Hannibal pressed against him.

”You will not cum until I allow you to.” Hannibal had begun pressing into his tight asshole, and Will gives. Will always gives, wants it, wants Hannibal’s fury, his violence, his pleasure, and everything that makes up Hannibal.

Will nodded, knowing to play along. He allows Hannibal to take pleasure from his suffering. All the more sweeter will his blood be, singing for him, begging for him.

They both let out a shuddering gasp, and Hannibal had begun fucking into him in earnest. Will feels the rough push-pull of cock against rim, tugging as though trying to stop, but he doesn’t want to. Doesn’t want Hannibal to stop.

Will moans for him, moans for more, begging Hannibal for a faster, more punishing pace, and Hannibal indulges. Always indulges for Will despite his abrasive personality, always tolerate patiently, knowing that the wait will always be worth the fruition that is to come.

Will gripped at the base of his cock, already twitching and smearing pre-cum against the solid wall, willing himself to calm, to let Hannibal use him.

It did not take long for Hannibal's hips to stutter violently, to feel him burying his entire length deep within Will, to mark him inside. His.

"Mine."

Will nodded, grinning, sated part of that hunger that craved for Hannibal's proclamation. Just as much as Hannibal is his.

"Mine." Will mirrored, as they met once more, face-to-face, kissing with fervent passion.

"Mine." He chanted, ghosting his lips past Hannibal's, down towards the neck where the fount was always so readily offered, as he sinks his fangs, marring the skin.

Both moaned, for different reasons altogether. Hannibal enjoys how his creation always prefer supping on his blood, knowing it tastes all the more sweeter with pleasure. Will felt his control slipped, his cock rutting against the other vampire's thigh. Hannibal lets him. Always does. Always indulges.

He spills, after a short while, with Hannibal's blood and his name on his tongue.

"You've shown mercy." Will laughs, with less glee than before. A tired one, and the corner of Hannibal's eyes crinkle in mirth.

"I don't have the heart to be cruel to you any longer, when you are so maddeningly perfect. I only punish those unworthy. And you, you are worthy of everything I can ever offer."

Will wrapped his arms around him, finding himself for once, a little lost for words. He was hoping for this outcome, but still he was under prepared to the gravity of the situation.

He huffs, mussing his blood-soaked hair. Apologies would sound insincere.

"Thank you. For showing me mercy."

Hannibal smiles, the anger faded into something that warms his chest, feels it blossoming into his limbs.

"Thank you, for showing me your cruelty."

End Notes

Sorry this took so long~ Words are hard to type, but here it is! Please comment and kudos if you like it... There might be more to come (°ʖ°)

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